

Hellbent

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Summary: Oh, he was hellbent...

Hellbent

A/N: **Okay, I was having a bit of writer's block, so I just wanted to challenge myself. I opened the dictionary to a random word, and my eyes automatically landed to the word "HellBent**". Suddenly, ideas popped into my head. I guessed it kind of worked. So...here it is:

"**HellBent**"

He was **hellbent**.

We were just out on a walk to search for supplies he could store in the ClubHouse over the winter. Out of nowhere, a large snake slithered out of a bush. It hissed at us, and I think it was already thinking of how to prepare us for its supper. The only way to escape was to jump down the hill we were on top of. We dropped our acorns and dove for it. Boss got off okay, but I lay as a jumbled mess on the bottom.

...at least, my _leg _was a jumbled mess.

I howled with pain. My left foot burned and stung, its twisted form torturing me. Quickly and quietly, Boss came to me, knowing that I could not be moved for too long. That made going back to the ClubHouse a no-no. It was pretty far off. He lifted my body gently, even though it might have been a bit too much to carry, and moved me to inside a deserted tree hole. Boss added soft leaves he found outside so I could have bedding. He didn't even think about leaving me so he could get help - he wouldn't leave me vulnerable to more snakes or raccoons.

I stuttered my thanks, unable to exactly express my gratitude towards him. He waved it off. He told me he was glad to help. Then he

searched the areas where he could still see me for those pain-relief herbs. He didn't have much success, but the ones he found made me feel much better. Getting a cup load of water from the stream a few feet from the tree, Boss wet my ribbon and tied it onto my foot firmly.

Yes, he was hellbent on me getting full protection and care. When night fell, and I stopped worrying about my human and when the pain on my foot lessened, I would stare at Boss, while he thought I was asleep. He hardly ever blinked, his eyes carrying no sign of sleepiness. He sat rigid with attention and straight, letting no signs of movement get past him. I sighed, but when I quickly covered my mouth, it was too late. He looked back at me.

"**Sandy**, you can go to sleep. Nuttin's gonna hurt you tonight," he shot a genuine grin at me.

God. That grin, it was so kind. And now that I look at him, Boss isn't such a bad guy, after all. He was really sweet and thoughtful.

Maybe...maybe...I...

I fell asleep.

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**A/N: **Yes, here is your dose of BossxSandy sweetness. Did I surprise you? I was thinking about making it BijouxBoss at first, but I realized it could also be Sandy's gymnastics ribbon as much as it could be Bijou's blue ones. Oh well, flames 'bout the couple are welcome.

Happy Holidays

End
file.